

EPITHALAMIA:

By George Wither
OR
NUP TIAL L POEMS
VPON THE MOST BLESSED
AND HAPPIE MARIAGE BETWEENE
the High and Mightie Prince FREDERICK the
fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhein, Duke
of Bauier, &c.

AND THE MOST VERTVOVS,
GRACIOVS AND THRICE EXCEL-
LENT PRINCESSE, ELIZABETH, SOLE
Daughter to our dread Soueraigne, IAMES by
the grace of God King of Great Britaine,
France and Ireland, defender
of the Faith, &c.

CELEBRATED AT WHITE-HALL
the fourteenth of Februarie,
1612.

Written by GEORGE WITHER.



AT LONDON,
Imprinted for *Edward Marchant*, and are to be sold
at his shop ouer against the Crosse in Pauls Church-
yeard. 1612.

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EPITAPH

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY

AT THE MOST

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TO THE ALL-VERTV-
OVS AND THRICE EXCEL-
LENT PRINCESSE, ELIZABETH, SOLE
DAUGHTER TO OVR DREAD SOVERAIGNE,
JAMES BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING OF GREAT
BRITANE, FRANCE AND IRELAND, &c.

AND WIFE

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE
PRINCE, FREDERICK THE FIFTH, COVNT
PALATINE OF THE RHEIN, DVKE OF BAVIER, &c.
ELECTOR AND ARCH-SEWER TO THE SACRED RO-
MAN EMPIRE, DVURING THE VACANCIE VICAR
OF THE SAME, AND KNIGHT OF THE
MOST HONORABLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER:

GEORGE WITHER WISHETH ALL THE
HEALTH, IOYES, HONOVRS AND FE-
LICITIES OF THIS WORLD IN THIS
LIFE, AND THE PERFECTIONS OF
ETERNITIE IN THE WORLD
TO COME.



TO THE ALLY
 OF THE PRINCESS
 THE PRINCESS
 THE PRINCESS
 THE PRINCESS
 THE PRINCESS

AND WITH
 TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
 PRINCE, FREDERICK THE THIRD, KING
 OF THE NETHERLANDS, BELGIUM
 AND LUXEMBOURG, AND
 ARCHBISHOP OF BRUSSELS
 MANRAME, DURING THE VACANCY
 OF THE SAME AND KNIGHT OF THE
 MOST HONORABLE ORDER OF
 THE GARTER

GEORGE WILHELM VICTOR
 HEALTH JOYES HONORS AND
 LIES OF HIS WORLD
 LIES AND THE SEVERAL
 LIES IN THE
 LIES



To the Christian Readers.



*Readers; for that in my booke of Saty-
ricall Essayes, I haue been deemed
ouer Cynicall; to shew, that I am
not wholly inclined to that Vaine:
But indeed especially, out of the loue
which in duty I owe to those incom-
parable Princes, I haue in honor of
their Royall Solemnities, Publi-
shed these short Epithalamiaes. By which you may perceiue,
(how euer the world thinke of me) I am not of such a Chur-
lish Constitution, but I can afford Vertue her deserved ho-
nor; and haue as well an affable looke to encourage Honestie;
as a sterne frowne to cast on Villanie; If the times would
suffer me, I could be as pleasing as others; and perhaps ere
long I will make you amends for my former rigor; Meane while
I commit this vnto your censures; and bid you farewell.*

G. W.



EPITHALAMION.

B Right *Northerne Star*, and great *Minervaes* peer,
Sweet *Lady of this Day*: Great *Britans* deere, ye I
Loe thy poore *Vassall*, that was erst so rude,
With his most *Rustick Satyr* to intrude,
Once more like a poore *Silvan* now drawes neare;
And in thy sacred *Presence* dares appeare.
Oh let not that sweete *Bowie* thy *Browe* be bent,
To scarre him with a *Shaft* of discontent.
One looke with *Anger*, nay thy gentlest *Frowne*,
Is twice enough to cast a *Greater* downe.
My *Will* is euer, neuer to offend,
These that are good; and what I here intend,
Your *Worth* compels me to; For lately green'd,
More then can be exprest, or well beleeu'd
Minding for euer to abandon *Sports*,
And liue exile from places of resort;
Careles of all, I yeelding to security,
Thought to shut vp my *Muse* in darke obscuritie,
And in content, the better to repose,
A lonely *Groue* vpon a *Mountaine* chose.
East from *Caer Winn*, midway twixt *Ale* and *Dis*,
True *Springs*, where *Britans* true *Arcadia* is,
But ere I entred my intended course,
Great Aeolus began to offer force.

The

Epithalamia.

He here re-
members, and
describes the
late Winter
which was so
exceeding tem-
pestuous and
windy.

* The boysterous *King* was growne so mad with rage;
That all the Earth, was but his furies stage.
Fyre, Ayre, Earth, Sea, were intermixt in one:
Yet *Fyre*, through *Water, Earth*, and *Ayre* shone.
The *Sea*, as if she ment to whelme them vnder,
Beat on the *Cliffs*, and rag'd more loud then thunder:
And whilst the *Vales* she with salt waues did fill,
The *Ayre* show'rd *Floods*, that drencht our highest hill,
And the proud *treees*, that would no duty know;
Lay ouerturned, twenties in a Rowe.
Yea euery Man for feare, fell to *Deuotion*;
Least the whole *Ile* should haue been drencht in th'*Ocea*.
Which I pecciuing coniu'r'd vp my *Muse*,
The *Spirit* whose good helpe I sometime vse;
And though I ment to breake her rest no more,
I was then faine her ayd for to implore.
And by her helpe indeed, I came to know,
Why, both the *Ayre*, and *Seas*, were troubled so.
For hauing vrg'd her, that she would vnfold
What cause she knewe: Thus much at last she told.
Of late (quoth she) there is by powers *Diuine*,
A match concluded, betwixt *Great Thame* and *Rhine*.
Two famous *Riuers*, equall both to *Nile*,
The one, the pride of *Europes* greatest *Ile*,
Th' other disdaining to be closely pent,
Washes a great part, of the *Continent*.
Yet with abundance, both the *Wants* supplie,
Of the still-thirsting *Sea*, that's neuer drie.
And now, these, being not alone endear'd,
To mightie *Neptune*, and his watric *Heard*:
But also to the great, and dreadfull *Ioue*
With all his sacred *Companies* about,

Both

Epithalamia.

*Both haue assented by their Lones inuiting :
To grace (with their owne presence) this Vniting.
Ioue cal'd a Summons to the Worlds great wonder ;
T'was that we heard of late, which we thought thunder.
A thousand Legions he intends to send them :
Of Cherubins and Angells, so attend them
And those strong Winds, that did such blustering keepe,
Were but the Tritons, sounding in the Deepe ;
To warne each Riuer, pottie Streame and Spring,
Their aide vnto their Soueraigne to bring.
The Floods and Shewers that came so plenteous downe,
And lay entrencht in euery Field and Towne :
Were but retainers to the Nobler sort,
That owe their Homage at the Warric Court.
Or else the Streames not pleas'd with their owne store,
To grace the Thames, their Mistris borrowed more.
Exact'g for their neighboring Dales and Hills,
But by consent all, naught against their wills.
Yet now since in this stir, are brought to ground
Many faire buildings, many hundreds drown'd,
And dailie found, of broken Ships great store,
That lie dismembred vpon euery shore:
With diuers oiber mischeefes knowne to all
This is the cause, that those great harmes befall.
Whilst others things, in readines did make,
Hells hatefull Haggs, from out their prisons brake.
And spighting at this hopesfull match, began
To wreak their wrath, on Ayre, Earth, Sea and Man,
Some hani'g shipes of Romish shanelings got
Spew'd out their venome : and began to plot :
Which way to thwart it : others made their way
With much distraction thorough land and Sea*

The reason of
the tempestu-
ous Winter.

The cause of
all such dan-
gers, as fell out
during the dif-
temperature
of the ayre,

Epithalamia.

*Extreamely raging. But Almightie Ioue
 Perceaues their Hate, and Enuy from aboue :
 Hee checke their fury, and in yrons chain'd,
 Their libertie abus'd, shall be restrain'd;
 Hee'll shut them vp, from comming to molest,
 The Meriments of Hymens holy feast.
 Where shall be knst that sacred Gordian knot,
 Which in no age to come, shall be forgot.
 Which Policie nor Force shall nere vntye,
 But must continue to eternitie.
 Which for the whole Worlds good was fore-decreed,
 With Hope expected long; now come indeed.
 And of whose future glory, worth, and merit
 Much I could speak, with a prophetick spirit.
 Thus by my *Muses* deare assistance, finding
 The cause of this disturbance, with more minding
 My Countries welfare, then my owne content :
 And longing for to see this *Tales* euent.
 My lonely life I suddainly forsooke,
 And to the *Court* againe, my Iorney tooke.
 Meane while I sawe the furious *Winds* were laid;
 The risings of the swelling *Waters* staid.
 The *Winter*, gan to change in euery thing;
 And seem'd to borrow mildnes of the *Spring*.
 The *Violet* and *Primerose* fresh did growe;
 And as in *Aprill*, trimd both *Cops* and *rowe*.
 The *Citie*, that I left in mourning clad,
 Drouping; as if it would haue still bin sad :
 I found deckt vp; in robes so neat, and trimme,
 Faire *Iris*, would haue lookt but stale and dimme.
 In her best cullots; had she there appeard.
 The *Sorrowes* of the *Court* I found well cleerd,*

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 ble alteration
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Epithalamia.

Their wofull habits quite cast off, and tyr'd
 In such a glorious fashion; I admir'd.
 All her cheefe *Peeres* and choicest *beauties* too
 In greater pompe, then *Mortalls* vse to doe;
 Wait as attendants; *Iuno's* come to see;
 Because shee heares that this solemnitie
 Exceeds faire *Hippodamia's*, (where the strife
 Twixt *her*, *Minerva*, and lame *Vulcans* wife
 Did first arise) and with her, leads along;
 A noble, stately, and a mighty throng.
Venus, (attended with her rarest features,
 Sweet louely-smiling, and hart-mouing creatures,
 The very fairest *Jewells* of her treasure,
 Able to moue the senseles stones to pleasure.)
 Of all her sweetest *Saints*, hath robd their shrines;
 And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
 Nor doth Dame *Pallas*, from these tryumphs lurke:
 Her Noblest wits, shee freely sets on worke.
 Of late, shee summond them vnto this place,
 To do your masks and *Renells*, better grace.
 Here * *Mars* himselfe to, Clad in Armor bright,
 Hath showne his fury, in a bloudles fight;
 And both on land, and water, sternely drest,
 Acted his bloody *Stratagems*, in lest.
 Which to the people, frighted by their error;
 With seeming wounds and death did ad more terror.
 Besides; to giue, the greater cause of wonder,
Ioue did vouchsafe, a ratling peale of thunder,
Cometts and *Meteors* by the starrs exhald,
 Were from the *Midle-region* lately cald:
 And to a place appointed, made repaire,
 To show their fire frisks in the ayre.

The glorious
 preperation
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 cally describ-
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People innunerable do resort;
As if all *Europe* here would keepe one Court.
Yea *Hymen* in his safferon-coloured weed;
To celebrate his rites is full agreed.
All this I see; which seeing, makes me borrow,
Some of their mirth a while, and lay downe sorrow.
And yet not this: but rather the delight,
My hart doth take in the much hoped sight,
Of these thy glories, long already due:
And this sweet comfort, that my eyes do viewe.
Thy happy Bridegrome; *Pr: Co: Palatine*,
Now thy best friend and truest *Valentine*.
Vpon whose brow, my mind doth read the story,
Of mightie *fame*; and a true future glorie.
Me thinks I doe foresee already, how
princes, and *Monarchs*, at his stirrop bow.
I see him shine in steele. The bloudy feilds
Already wonne; and how his proud *foe* yeelds.
God, hath ordaind him happines great store:
And yet in nothing, is he happy more
Then in thy loue, (*faire Princessse*) For vnles
Heauen, like to *Man*, be prone to sicklenes:
Thy *Fortunas*, must be greater in effect,
Then *time*, makes show of, or *men* can expect.
Yet, notwithstanding all those goods of *fate*;
Thy *Mind*, shall euer be aboute thy *state*.
For ouer, and beside thy proper merit;
Our last *Eliza*, grants her Noble spirit.
To be redoubled on thee; and your *names*
Being both one, shall giue you both one *fames*.
Oh blessed thou! and they to whom thou giu'st,
The leaue for to attend thee where thou liu'st.

And

Epithalamia.

And haples we, that must of force let goe,
The matchles treasure, we esteeme of so.
But yet, we trust tis for our good, and thine :
Or els thou shouldst not, chang thy *Thame* for *Rhyme*.
We hope, that this will the vniing proue,
Of *Countries*, and of *nations* by your *loue*.
And that from out your blessed loynes, shall come ;
Another terror, to the *Whore of Rome* :
And such a stout *Achilles* as shall make,
Her tottering Walls, and weake foundation shake.
For *Thetis*-like, thy fortunes do require :
Thy *Issue* should be greater, then his *fire*.
But (*gracious Princeesse*) now since thus it fares :
And God so well for you, and vs, prepares.
Since he hath daign'd such honors, for to do you
And showne himselfe, so fauorable to you.
Since he hath changd your sorrowes, and your sadnes
Into such great, and vnexpected gladnes.
Oh now remember, for to be at leasure
Sometime to think on him, amidst your pleasure!
Let not these glories of the *world* deceaue you
Nor her vaine fauors of your selfe bereaue you.
Consider yet, for all this Iollitie,
Yare mortall, and must feele mortalitie.
And that God can in midst of all your Ioyes,
Quite dash this pompe, and fill you with annoyes,
Triumphes are fit for *Princes* ; yet we find,
They ought not wholly to take vp the mind.
Nor yet to be let past, as things in vaine,
For out of all things, wit will knowledge gaine.
Musique may teach, of difference in degree,
The best tun'd *Common-Weales* will framed be.

Epithalamia.

And that he moues, and liues, with greatest grace;
That vnto *Time*, and *Measure*, ties his pace.

* He declares
what vic is to
be made of
these shoues &
triumphes, and
what meditati-
ons the mind
may be occu-
pied about
when we be-
hold them.

Then let these things be * *Emblems*, to present.

Your Mind, with a more lasting true content.

When you behold the infinite resort,

The glory and the splendor, of the Court:

What wondrous fauors, God doth here bequeath you,

How many hundred thousands, are beneath you:

And view with admiration your great blisse,

Then with your selfe you may imagine this.

T's but a blast, or transitorie shade;

Which in the turning of a hand, may fade.

Honors, which you your selfe did neuer winne.

And might, (had God bin pleas'd) anothers bin.

And think, if shaddowes haue such maiestie;

What are the glories of eternitie?

Then by this image of a *fight on sea*,

Wherein you heard the thundring canons plea;

And saw flames, breaking from their Murthering throts;

Which in true skirmish, sing resistles shots.

Your wisdom may (and will no doubt) begin;

To cast what perill a poore *Souldier's* in.

You will conceaue his miseries and cares,

How many dangers, deaths and wounds he shares.

Then though the most pass't ouer, and neglect them

That *Rethorick*, will moue you to respect them.

And if hereafter, you should hap to see

Such *Mimick Apes*; (that courts disgraces be)

I meane such Chamber-combatants, who neuer

Weare other helmet, then a hat of *Beuer*.

Or nere board *Pinnacle* but in silken saile,

And in the steed of boysterous shirts of maile,

Epithalamia.

Goe arm'd in *Cambrick*? if that such a *Kite*,
(I say) should scorne an *Egle* in your sight:
Your *wisdome* iudge (by this experience) can:
Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The *nights* strange * prospects, made to feede the eyes;
With Artfull fyres, mounted in the skies:
Graced with horred claps of sulphury thunders;
May make you mind, *Iehouahs* greater wonders.
Nor is there any thing, but you may thence
Reape inward gaine; aswell as please the *Sense*.
But pardon me (*oh sayrest*) that am bold,
My heart thus freely, plainely, to vnfold.
What though I knowe, you knew all this before:
My loue *this* shoves, and that is something more.
Do not, my honest seruice here disdaine,
I am a faithfull, though an humble Swaine.
I'me none of those, that haue the meanes or place;
With shoves of cost to do your *Nuptialls* grace:
But only master; of my owne desire,
Am hither come, with others to admire.
I am not of these *Heliconian* wits;
Whose pleasing straines the *Courts* know humor fits.
But a poore rurall *Sheapheard*, that for need:
Can make sheepe Musique, on an *Oaten* reed.
Yet for my loue (Ile this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you, as his that's most:
Which; since I no way els, can now explaine,
If you'l in midst of all these *glories*, daigne
To lend your cares vnto my *Muse* so long:
She shall declare it, in a *wedding song*.

* Fire works.

EPITH



EPITHALAMION.

The Mariage
being on Saint
Valentines day
the author
showes it by
beginning with
the salutation
of a supposed
Valentine.

VALENTINE, good morrow to thee,
Good I wish, though none I doe thee:
I would waite vpon thy pleasure,

But I cannot be at leasure.
For I owe this *day*, as debter,
To (a thouland times) thy better,

Hymen now will haue effected
What hath been so long expected:
*T*bame thy *Mistress*, now vnwedded;
Soone must with a *Prince* be bedded.
If thou'lt see her *Virgin* euer,
Come, and do it now, or neuer.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora*?
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora*.
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat 'st, and feat 'st, adorning:
Cleare your fore-heads, and be sprightfull;
That this *day* may seeme delightfull.

All.

Epitthalamia.

All you *Nymphs*, that vse the Mountaines,
 Or delight in groues, and fountaines,
Shepheardes, you that dally,
 Either vpon Hill or vally,
 And you daughters of the *Bower*,
 That acknowledge *Vestaes* power.

Oh you sleep too long, awake yee,
 See how *Time* doth ouertake yee:
 Hark, the *Lark* is vp and singeth,
 And the house, with ecchoes ringeth
 Pretious howers, why neglect yee,
 Whil'tt affaires, thus expect yee?

Come away, vpon my blessing,
 The *bride-chamber*, lies to dressing:
 Strow the waies, with leaues of *Roses*,
 Some make garlands, some make *poses*,
 Tis a fauor and't may ioy you,
 That your *Mistress* will employ you.

Where's * *Sabrina*, with her daughters;
 That do sport about her waters;
 Those that with their locks of *amber*,
 Haunt the fruitfull hills of *Camber*,
 We must haue to fill the number,
 All the *Nymphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Epithalamia,

Fie, you't hast, is scarce sufficing,
For the *Bride's* awake and rising.
Enter beauties, and attend her:
All your helps, and seruice lend her;
With your quaint ft, and new ft deuises:
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamises*.

See shee's ready: with *Joyes* greet her, *lads* go bid the *Brid-groome* meet her.
But from rash approach aduise him,
Least a too much loy, surprize him.
None I ere knew yet, that dared
View an *Angel*, vnprepared.

Now vnto the *Church* she hies her,
Enuy bursts, if shee spies her,
In her gestures, as she paces,
Are vnited all the *Graces*:
Which who sees and both his senses,
Loues, in spite of all defences.

Oh most true maiestick creature.
Nobles did you note her feature
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Loues* to yeeld dubious
And as you were thus desiring,
Something check you, for aspiring

That's

Epithalamia.

That's hir *Vertue* which still ranneth,
Loose desires: and bad thoughts blameth.
For whilst others were vnruly,
She obseru'd *Diana* truly:
And hath by that meanes, obteyned,
Guifts of her that none haue gained.

Yon's the *Bridgrame* d'yece nor spy him,
See how all the *Ladies* eye him;
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth;
Much of him my hart deuineth
On whose brow all *Vertue* shineth.

Two such *Creatures* Nature would not,
Let one place long keep: she should not;
One shee'le haue, (she cares not whether)
But our *Loues* can spare her neither.
Therefore ere we'le be spighted;
They in one shall be vni'd.

Natures selfe, is well contented,
By that meanes, to be pretented.
And behold, they are rety'd,
So conioyn'd, as we desired.
Hand in hand, not only fixed,
But their harts, are intermix'd.

Epithalamia.

Happy they, and we that see it,
For the good of *Europe* be it.
And heare *Heauen* my deuotion,
Make this *Rhine* and *Ithamian Ocean*:
That it may with might and wonder,
Whelme the pride of **Iyber vnder*.

*
Cyber is the Ri-
uer which run-
neth by
Rome.

whithall.

Now yon **Hall* their persons shroudeth,
Whither all this people crowdeth.
There they feasted are with plentie,
Sweet *Ambrosia* is no deinty.
Groomes quaff *Nectar* for theres meeter,
Yea more costly wines, and sweeter.

Young men all, for ioy go ring yce,
And your mettiest *Carols* sing yce.
Here's of *Dam'zells* many choyses,
Let them tune their sweetest voices.
Fet the *Muses* too, to cheare them:
They can rauish, all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their *Highnesse* pleasures,
For to see you, foot the *Measures*.
Louely gestures addeth graces,
To your bright, and *Angell* faces.
Giue your a'tiue minds the bridle:
Nothing worse, then to beidle.

VVorthies

Epithalamia.

*U*northies, your affaires forbear yee,
For the *State* a while may spare yee:
Time was; that you loued sporting,
Haue you quite forgot your Courting?
Joy the hart of *Cares* beguileth:
Once a yeare *Apollo* smileth.

*Simel. in anno
ridet Appol.*

Fellow shepheards, how I pray you,
Can your *flocks* at this time stay you?
Let vs, also hie vs thither,
Lets lay all our witts together.
And some *Pastorall* inuent them,
For to show the *loue* we ment them.

I my selfe though meanest stated,
(And in *court* now almost hated)
Will knit vp my * *Scourge*, and venter
In the midst of them to enter:
For I know, ther's no disdaining,
Where I looke for entertaining.

* Abuses strip
and whips.

See, me thinks the very *season*,
As if capable of Reason;
Hath laine by her natue rigor,
The faire *Sunbeames* haue more vigor.
They are *Egls* most endeared:
For the *Ayre's* stilld, and cleared.

He noteth the
mildnesse of
the winter
which excep-
ting that the
beginning was
very windy,
was as tempe-
rate as the
spring.

Epithalamia.

Fawns, and *lambs*, and *kidds* do play,
In the honor of this day.

The shrill *Blacke-bird*, and the *Thrushe*
Hops about in euery bush:
And among the tender twiggs,
Chaunt their sweet harmonious iigs.

Most men are
of opinion that
this day euery
byrd doth
chuse her mate
for that yeare.

Yea, and mou'd by this example,
They doe make each *Groue* a temple;
Where their *time* the best way vsing,
They their *Summer loves* are chusing.
And vnles some *Curtle* do wrong them.
There's not an od bird, among them.

Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groues and hills by *Eechoes* talking.
Reeds, vnto the small brooks whistling;
Whilst they danc't, with pretty rushling.
Then for *vs*, to sleep twere pittie:
Since *dumb creatures* are so witty.

But oh *Titan*, thou dost dally,
Hic thee to thy *Westerne vally*.
Let this night one hower borrow;
Shee shall pay't againe, to morrow.
And if thou'lt that fauor do them,
Send thy sister *Phoebe* to them.

But

Epithalamia.

But shee's come, her selfe vnasked:
And brings * *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.

By these he
meanes the 2.
Masques, one
of them being
presented by
the Lords, the
other by the
Gentry.

None yet saw, or heard in story,
Such immortall, mortall glorie.
View not, without *preparation*:
Least you faint, in *admiration*.

Say my *Lords*, and speak truth barely,
Mou'd they not exceeding rarely?
Did they not such praises merit,
As if *flesh* had all bin *spirit*?
True indeed, yet I must tell them,
There was *One* did far excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night vnwares away is stealing.
Their delay, the poore *bed* wrongeth,
That for *Bride*, with *Bride* *groom* longeth:
And aboue all other places,
Must be blest, with their embraces.

Reuellers, then now forbear yee,
And vnto your rests prepare yee.
Let's a while your absence borrow,
Sleep to night, and *dance* to mortow.
We could well allow your Courting,
But twill hinder, better sporting.

They

Epithalamia.

They are gone; and *Night* all lonely,
Leaves the *Bride* with *Bridegroom* only.

Muse now tell; (for thou hast power
For to fly thorough wall or tower.)
What contentments their hearts cheareth;
And how lonely shee appeareth.

And yet do not; tell it no man.
Rare conceits may so grow common;
Do not to the *Vulgar* show them,
(*I* is enough that *thou* dost know them.)
Their ill hearts, are but the *Center*,
Where all misconceauings enter.

But thou *Luna* that dost lightly,
Haunt our downes and forrests nightly.
Thou that fauor'st generation,
And art help, to procreation:
See their *yssue* thou so cherish,
I may liue, to see it flourish.

And you *Planets* in whose power,
Doth consist, these liues of our;
You that teach vs *Divinations*,
Help with all your *Constellations*:
For to frame in *Her* a creature,
Blest in *Fortune*, *Witt*, and *Feature*.

Lastly;

Epitnalamia.

Lastly, oh you *Angells* ward them,
Set your sacred *Spels* to gard them:
Chase away such feares, or terrors,
As not being; seeme through errors.
Yea let not a *dreames* molesting,
Make them start, when they are resting.

But THOV chiefly; most adored;
That shouldst only, be implored.
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whether er'e in show, it bendeth:
Let them rest to night from sorrow
And awake with ioy to morrow.

Oh, to my request be heedfull,
Grant them *that*, and al things needfull.
Let not these, my straines of *Folly*,
Make *true prayer* be vnholly,
But, if I haue here offended:
Help, forgiue, and see it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Muses*
Hastie issue, shee peruses;
Make it vnto her seeme gratefull,
Though to all the *World* els, hateful.
But how er'e, yet *Soule* perseuer,
Thus to wish her good, for euer.

D

Thus

Epithalamia.

THus ends the *Day*, together with my Song;
Oh, may the Ioyes thereof continue long.
Let *Heauens* iust, all-seeing, sacred power;
Fauor this happie *Iubile*, of your:
And blesse you, in your chait embraces so,
We *Britans*, may behold before you goe.
The hopefull Issue, we shall count so deare
And whom, (vnborne) his foes already feare.
Yea I desire, that all your sorrowes may;
Neuer be more, then they haue been to day,
Which hoping; For acceptance now I sue,
And humbly, bid your *Grace*, and *Court* adue.
I saw the sight, I came for; which I know,
Was more then all, then world beside could show,
But if amongst *Apolloes* Layes you can,
Be pleasd, to lend a gentle eare to *Pan*:
Or thinke your Country *Shepheard*, loues as deare,
As if he were a *Courtier*, or a *Peere*:
Then I, that els must to my *Cell* of paine,
Will ioyfull, turne vnto my *flocks* againe.
And there, vnto my fellow *shepheards* tell,
Why you are lou'd; wherein you doe excell:
And when we driue our *flocks* a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praises, that it shall amaze them:
And thinke that *Fate*, hath new recald from death,
Their still-lamented, sweet *Elizabeth*.
For though they see the *Court*, but now and then
They know *desert* as well as *Greater* men:
And honor'd *Fame*, in them doth liue or die;
As well, as in the mouth of *Maiesty*.
But taking granted, what I here intreat:
At heauen for you, my *devotions* beat,

And

Epithalamia.

And though I feare, *fate* will not suffer me,
To do you service, where your *Fortunes* be:
How ere my skill, hath yet despised seem'd,
(And my vnripened wit, been misesteem'd.)
When all this costly *Showe*, away shall flit,
And not one liue, that doth remember it:
If *Enuies* trouble, let not to perseuer;
He find a meanes, to make it knowne for euer.

and because I feare fate will not suffer me
to do you service where your fortunes be
how ere my skill hath yet despised seem'd
and my vnripened wit been misesteem'd

D 2

Joseph Haywood



CERTAINE EPI-
GRAMMES CON-
CERNING MARIAGE.

Epigram 1.

T*Is said, in Marriage aboue all the rest
The children of a King find comforts least,
Because wit hout respect of Loue, or Hate
They must, and oft be, ruled by the State:
But if contented Loue; Religions care;
Equalitie in State, and yeares declare
A happie Match (as I suppose no lesse)
Then rare, and great's Elizae's Happinesse.*

Epigram 2.

G*od was the first that Marriage did ordaine,
By making One, two; and two, One againe.*

Epigram

Epithalamia.

Epigram 3.

Souldier; of thee I aske, for thou canst best,
Having knowne sorrow, iudge of Ioy and Rest.
What greater blisse, then after all thy harmes,
To haue a wife that's faire, and lawfull thine:
And lying prison'd twixt her luury armes;
There tell, what thou hast scapt by powers diuine?
How many, round thee, thou hast murdered scene;
How oft thy soule hath been neere hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded beene:
Whilst she thy fortune, and thy worth admiring,
With ioy of health, and pittie of thy paine;
Doth weepe, and kisse, and kisse, and weepe againe.

Epigram 4.

Faire Helen hauing stain'd her husbands bed,
And mortall hatred twixt two Kingdomes bred,
Had still remaining in her, so much good
That Heroes, for her, lost their dearest blood:
Then, if with all that ill, such worth may last,
Oh what is she worth, that's as faire and chaste!

Epigram 5.

Old Orpheus, knew a good wiues worth so well,
That when his di'd, he followed her to hell:
And for her losse, at the Elizean Groue,
He did not onely Ghosts, so pittie moue:
But the sad Poet breath'd his sighes so deepe;
T'is said the Diuels could not chuse but weepe.

Epithalamia.

Epigram 6.

Long did I wonder, and I wondred much,
Romes Church should from her Clergie take that due,
Thought I why should she that contentment grutch?
What, doth shee all with continence indue?
Noe; but why then are they debar'd that state?
Is shee become a foe unto her owne?
Doth shee the members of her bodie hate?
Or is it for some other cause vnshonne?
Oh yes; they find a womans lips so daintie;
They tie themselves from one; cause theile haue twenty.

Epigram 7.

Women, as some men say, vnconstant be,
Perhaps a few; and so no doubt are men:
Nay if their scapes, we could plainly see,
I feare, that scarce there will be one, for ten.
Men, haue but their owne lusts that tempt to ill;
Women haue lusts, and mens allurements to:
Alas, if their strengths cannot curbe their will;
What should poore women, that are weaker do?
Oh the; had need, be chaste, and looke about them,
That strine 'gainst lust within, and knaues without them.

that should be the last of the first
misfortune
end

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